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Ana had a little coin bank, and every time Cap'n Bill swore she made him put a dime into it for the missions

A Name in Vain

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

AUNT SARAH set the platter of finnan haddie before Old Davy Brewster's place, took the teapot into the kitchen and filled it with boiling water, picked up the dish of potatoes on her way back into the dining room, and, when the table was arranged, went into the hall and called: "Supper's ready, David." She was one of those women whom even the most casual acquaintances like to call "Aunt." But no one ever thought of calling her brother David "Uncle David." They called him "Old Davy" instead; and that is not the same thing at all. He was, when Aunt Sarah summoned him, in the sitting room; and he went to the window and rapped upon the pane to attract the eye of Ted Brewster, who was leaning across the fence talking to pretty Ann Howland in the garden next door. When Ted looked toward the window, his father beckoned sternly, and Ted came into the house. They sat down at the table, with its smoothly darned covering hiding the mahogany, and Aunt Sarah bowed a humble head and Ted dipped his eyes to the plate while Old Davy said grace before meat. That is to say, grace before finnan haddie.

Old Davy took a solid pleasure in prayer. He went to his knees beside his bed when he arose; when he had come downstairs he and Ted and Aunt Sarah gathered for family devotions in the sitting room; he pronounced a lengthy blessing upon each meal; he conducted family prayers again in the evening; and

he dropped to his bony knees before getting into bed at night. The ceremony never lost its zest for him. Gray old head low above his plate now, he spoke sonorously:

"O Lord, we here again commend ourselves to Thee. Bless the viands of which we are about to partake. Look kindly upon us this day, O Lord. And if we have deserved prosperity of Thee, we pray that Thou wilt prosper us and all our works. If there be evil here about us, O Lord, let not Thy wrath fall alike upon the just with the unjust. Let Thy justice upon them that offend be mercifully tempered, O Lord; and lighten Thy heavy hand upon that one of our neighbors who has most offended Thee. For Christ's sake. Amen."

He lifted his head, tucked his napkin under his chin, and looked toward his sister. "You will have a little finnan haddie, Sarah?" he asked, spoon poised.

She shook her head meekly. "No, thank you, David. Just a potato for me."

Ted asked cheerfully: "Why don't you have fresh

fish more, Aunt Sarah? You like that, and you can't eat these smoked things."

Old Davy looked at his son severely; and Aunt Sarah came as near rebuking him as was possible to her. "Your father prefers smoked fish, Ted," she replied.

If Ted had any impulse to say more than he had said, he stifled it. His own heaping plate engrossed him. Old Davy ate with a severe devotion to duty;

Aunt Sarah buttered her potato and tried to enjoy it. Between mouthfuls, she poured the tea and stirred old Davy's cup till the sugar was thoroughly dissolved before she passed it to him. It offended his economical soul to find undissolved grains in the bottom.

The dining room was in the rear of the pleasant old house. The house in turn was one of a dozen or so which lined the deeply shaded street. This was one of those quietly beautiful little seashore towns which you find nowhere save in New England; one of those towns to which good sea captains go when they retire. Old Davy had been born in this house, and so had Sarah, and so had Ted. Ted's grandfather, who had followed the sea, built it; but Ted's father had stayed ashore and prospered. He was known as a godly man, a deacon in the church, square in all his dealings, sober and decent and austere. Ted, who was of a younger generation, found him sometimes depressing. Youth is inclined to be impatient with a surfeit of prayer; and the measure that



"You call my father godless," said Ann. "Are you sure you're as godly as you think you are, Mr. Brewster?"

fell short of satisfying Old Davy seemed a surfeit to Ted.

His father, first pangs of hunger satisfied, said to the young man: "You were talking again with Cap'n Howland's child." His tone had accusation in it; but Ted smiled pleasantly enough.

"Yes," he assented, and added: "She's not such a child, either, father. She's twenty-two. Almost as old as I am."

Old Davy looked at his sister and grinned, as though they shared a grim jest between them, but Aunt Sarah only bowed a little lower over her plate.

"She says Josiah Drake is weaker," Ted reported.

"Aye," said Old Davy. "And will be weaker still. The Lord's hand is upon him for his sins."

His sister looked at him as though to protest, but she had long ago ceased to oppose anything Davy might say. She did venture: "I thought of making up a little broth for him . . ."

HE brother shook his head in stern rebuke. "My house shall have no truck with the ungodly," he told her; and she sighed a little and was still. Ted watched her, seemed by his expression to urge her to go on, to spur her to defiance. But Aunt Sarah would not meet his eyes; and his father turned upon her now.

"No truck with the ungodly, Theodore," he repeated. "Nor with any that are his. Cap'n Howland also is a man lost in his own sin."

Ted laughed uncomfortably, his cheeks coloring. "Well, you can't damn Ann for that," he protested.

Old Davy's eyes flashed fire. "Mind your tongue, Theodore. It spoke an evil word."

The young man seemed puzzled, then remembered. "Oh, 'damn'?" he asked, and chuckled. "If you call that evil, you ought to hear Cap'n Bill when he gets under way."

"Who touches pitch shall be defiled," Old Davy told him. "You have been too much in the company of that guilty man."

"But he doesn't mean anything by it," Ted insisted. "It's just the way he happens to talk. He's been a skipper so long. You've got to be able to scorch their hides, if you're going to handle sailors, father."

"A profane and a dissolute man," said Old Davy insistently. "And he will suffer for his sins." He recited ponderously: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

"But he's not really profane," Ted urged. "That is, he uses strong language; but he doesn't actually swear—much!"

His father held up an austere hand. "You bear false witness, Theodore," he replied. "I, myself, have heard. I met the man upon the street this day. We had some small speech together, and his was thickly interlarded with oaths. I reproached him;

he made a jest of it. And in the end I said to that man, in all charity: 'You are in evil paths, Cap'n Howland. I shall pray for you.'" He paused, reluctant to go on; then added: "I repeat his very word. He replied to me: 'Why, Davy, you can just pray and be damned!'"

Ted, taken by surprise, laughed before he could check himself; he smothered his mirth with an effort. Aunt Sarah looked at him, and then at his father, white with terror. But Old Davy only shook his head. "An ill moment for laughter, Theodore," he said.

The young man still sought to make a defense. "He's not bad, really, though," he told Old Davy. "He's got a good heart. I happen to know, for instance, that he kept company with Josiah for an hour this afternoon, trying to cheer the old man."

"Birds of a feather!" Old Davy replied. "They're tarred with the same brush."

"Why, that may be," Ted agreed. "But, just the same, Cap'n Bill has as good cause to—hate Josiah as you have."

"Josiah Drake is a man accursed," said his father sternly. "He betrayed his friends. He pilfered their savings. He ensnared them. We trusted him, put our money into his traitorous enterprise, and he stole it, guiltily keeping within the law. He bears the brand upon him forevermore."

Aunt Sarah spoke, a faint warmth in her eyes that it was strange to see there. "He has sought all his life to make amends," she pleaded. "Oh, he has tried all these years to win his honor back again . . ."

He silenced her with a gesture, not unkindly. "You had always a weakness for him, Sarah."

Ted spoke: "But Cap'n Bill lost his money too. That's what I mean. I think it's decent of the captain to—try to do something for the old man. To forget his old grudge."

His father eyed him shrewdly. "You have been blinded, my son. Blinded by the bright eyes of his child."

The young man flushed a little, stubbornly. "No, she hasn't. I haven't. I mean." He leaned toward his father, "Why, she talks to him like a Dutch uncle, father. About his swearing." He chuckled at some memory, went on: "She's trying to cure him. Says he's got to forget the sea, remember he's ashore. She has a little coin bank, and every time he swears, she makes him put a dime into it for the missions."

"Wages of sin," Old Davy said scornfully.

Ted was grinning. "She started in at a quarter," he added. "But all the spare

change in the house was soon in the coin bank at that rate. He couldn't stop swearing, and he couldn't afford to swear. So she reduced the price. For a while it was only a penny; then, when he got a little better, she put it up to a nickel, and now it's a dime. . . . He has to beg her for tobacco money almost every day."

"It is a sin before God to make a jest of holy things," said David Brewster sternly.

"It's not a jest. She . . ." Old Davy rose from the table, silenced his son with a movement of the hand. "I tell you, he is a profane and a godless man," he cried. "And, mark you this, Theodore, when you're tempted to joy in the child's pretty face again—mark you this: 'The way of the ungodly shall perish.' That is God's own immutable law."

Ted thrust back his chair, hot words on his lips; but Aunt Sarah said softly: "Ted!" And before he could speak, his father was gone from the room. . . .

It is easy to damn Old Davy as a whitened sepulcher, a hypocrite, a Pharisee. Easy, but unfair. The old man's standards were rigorous and unbending, yet he believed they were just. And he believed that he himself obeyed the Law he would impose on other men. There was nothing of the hypocrite about him; he was sustained, supported, and uplifted by the calm conviction that he had always been a godly man.

It was this certainty of his own rectitude that was to make his awakening a moment of tragedy so profound.

Cap'n Howland had followed the sea for a good many years; he had his fill of it; and it was a matter of six months now since he had stayed ashore for good and all, and bought the house next door, and sent for Ann, just out of college, to come and take care of him. She had lived in the town as a child, before her mother died; she was glad to be home again. She and Ted had played together years ago; they picked up their old acquaintances where it had been dropped, and each found in the other day by day new qualities to like and to admire. They walked downtown together this evening and went to the moving-picture theatre, and had ice cream at the drug store afterward, and went homeward along the shadowed street side by side.

It was Ann who first spoke of their fathers—told how Cap'n Bill had come home that afternoon between amusement and anger and reported that Old Davy was going to pray for him. "He said he told your father to pray and be damned," Ann explained. "And I made him put a

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They never called him "Uncle Dave"; always "Old Davy," which is different

and then, if you have trouble, "take it to the Lord in prayer!" The Hughes proposal thrilled America into song. The Sunday after his challenge to partial disarmament, the American churches burst forth into hallelujahs of praise. This business of scrapping nearly two million tons of man killers may easily become consecrated in the hearts of the American people. They like totems, fetishes, causes, and moral issues.

The ease with which America was taken with her whole heart into the war to "make the world safe for democracy," the "war to end war," proves us dependable in international matters if we understand the moral implications of diplomatic issues. We would not send a soldier willingly to sustain a Chinese border. We certainly would hesitate to spill much blood, even to save the Philippines from Asiatic absorption, and to Great Britain it looks as though an American alliance might be sadly unreal and shifty. But what if we Americans could be shown that our disarmament plan was threatened? When the plan is established, what if five or six years thereafter some one begins to violate the Hughes pact by building ships—for any purpose, even to take the Philippines or to change the Chinese boundaries? There is another matter. There we have a cause. There is a moral issue. There is a totem violated, a fetish reviled. Then America would fight.

Skids for the Millennium

AMERICA is as dependable in foreign alliances as any country in the world. But to be moved America must have her issues deeply coated with morality. That is the Puritan conscience. How many times must it be said that the Puritan insists upon clothing economic necessity with highly

Tinting the Cold Gray Dawn

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moral precepts! Abolition, prohibition, disarmament—all economic needs, beautifully moralized!

The necessary association of nations

easily may become one of our Great Causes, whether it be the League of Nations after President Harding unscraps it, or a league of nations after



Arthur Balfour and Secretary Hughes are the leading figures of the conference. "Balfour's mind," writes Mr. White, "is crystalline in its logical processes—not lightninglike in the brilliant constructive phrases that light Hughes's path."

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we establish it broad-new. The conference here is headed straight for some kind of internationalism. It is the corollary of the Hughes proposals for which we sang and prayed in our churches last month. If British statesmen are wise, they will let the alliance be drawn loosely, trusting in the American psychology to produce a state of mind about disarmament much more powerful to move us than any treaty. A treaty may be debated. A moral issue establishes its own clouture. The Americans who opposed "war to end war" are still in jail. We should defend disarmament the same way, or a world league for disarmed peace the same way. Mr. Wilson failed because he was more of an architect of his edifice than its salesman, and being what he was, a timid man among rude politicians, he could not organize a sales force. The Republicans sold isolation to America. But they can't make it work. Isolation will have to be scrapped before we scrap any ships. And this conference for partial disarmament is scrapping with frank good will the goods which the Republicans sold in 1920.

But the Republican Administration is not peddling a plush-lined millennium. The Republicans are merely skidding certain ships to the scrap heap. Yet they are making permanent skids, unusable skids, skids that will fit under the chassis of a plush-lined millennium—twenty, forty, fifty, maybe one hundred years from now. But for the present the Harding-Hughes plan is concerned with plain, ugly, practical skids, and from the scrap heap of the ships that pass—rather high and imposing pile—they are splashing on the tints of the dawn of a new day.

This is William Allen White's first report for Collier's of the Washington conference. The second will appear in an early issue.

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quarter in the bank as a particular punishment. They don't get along very well together, do they?" And she added wistfully: "I wish they did."

"Father's funny about some things," Ted admitted.

Ted laughed a little, in a way that took the edge off her words; and she said: "I think, sometimes, that it's almost as bad to be so sure everyone else is a sinner as it is to be a sinner yourself."

"I know," Ted agreed. "I laugh at him, a little, myself. Lots of people think he's a hypocrite, but he's not, Ann. He does the way that seems right to him, every time. It's just that he doesn't see . . ."

There was no disloyalty in Ted, nor in Ann; nevertheless they dissected their fathers in a way that would have made either of those two gentlemen wince. They were so interested that Ted forgot to say good night, when they reached her gate, and stood talking with her for a while, in the soft evening; and presently he went inside the gate and they moved toward the house, and stopped without suggestion on his part or on hers beside a great lilac clump that shielded them from the road.

He said he ought to be going, and she said she supposed so. He said it was pretty late, and she said it wasn't so very late. He said good night, and she said good night, and he started for the gate, but came back to ask whether he should see her the next morning, and when, and why. She laughed a little, and said he saw her every day, didn't he? And he asked her if she minded, and she told him she didn't mind.

"You know," he explained gravely, "I was getting pretty tired of this little old town, a while ago, before you came back here to live. I thought I'd go to Boston and get a job; but I'm mighty glad I didn't now."

She nodded, laughing at him. "I knew. You want me to ask why you're

glad, and then you'll say it's because I'm here . . ."

"But it is because you're here, Ann," he interrupted. "It's a different place, somehow. Don't you feel that way at all?"

He could see, even in the starlight, the quixotic light in her eyes. "You mean, don't I think the town's nice because I'm in it?" she asked.

"Oh, you know what I mean," he told her. "I mean I like you, and what I asked . . . Well . . ."

"You mean, do I like you, don't you?"

"Yes."

"That's not such a hard question to ask, is it?"

"Well, I asked it, didn't I?"

She shook her head. "No. I asked you if you meant to ask it; and you said you did, but that's not asking it at all."

"Oh . . ." He shook his head in miserable confusion. There was a seat beside the lilac clump, and he sat down there and kicked with his heel upon the turf. She watched him for a moment, and then sat down beside him. He looked at her, a little surprised. "I thought you had to go in," he said.

"I do, pretty soon."

For a while after that neither of them said anything at all. But Ted could hear his pulse beat, and he was trying to think of something to say, trying to shape it in words. He spoke at last, with an abrupt movement toward her. "I—think you're wonderful, Ann."

Her head was bent a little now; he could not see her face. But she was so still that he was afraid she was crying, till she turned toward him, and laughed softly, and said: "I like you, too."

"Do you?" he cried.

She nodded vigorously. "Mm—hm!" He could think of nothing more to say, so he kicked his heel deeper into the sod. His heart was sounding, and he trembled visibly. Ann brushed a lock

of hair out of her eyes and tucked it to safety above her ear. After a while he put his arm across the bench behind her; and when she did not seem to mark this, he dropped it awkwardly about her shoulders. She looked at him then, and quickly looked away; and when she looked away, he leaned toward her and kissed her cheek. She said: "Oh!" He was frightened by what he had done, dared no more. She was very still beside him, but after a long while they heard the gate click, and she whispered: "Dad's coming."

The emergency made him bold, and he put his hand against her cheek and turned her face toward him and kissed her again, this time on the lips. She laughed in a throaty little way, and then they got to their feet as Cap'n Bill came up the walk.

When he saw them standing together in the darkness he cried:

"Why, what the hell—!"

Ann said sternly: "Dad!"

"You, Ann?" he asked. "I didn't know it was you. Who's that? Ted Brewster? Hello, Ted, you young swine!" Where have you been, dad?" Ann demanded.

He said easily: "Sitting with Josiah. He's low in his mind." And added: "Coming in, Ted!"

Ted looked at Ann, and then he squared his shoulders. "Yes, sir," he replied. "Yes, sir, I'd like to. For a minute."

Her father nodded and swung up the path. Ann and Ted came behind; and Ann took Ted's hand; but when they were within doors, and she had lit the lamp in the sitting room, she said at once: "It's mighty warm. I'll make you both some lemonade."

Ted got a reassuring look from her as she disappeared, and that was all. He looked at Cap'n Howland, and that big man was seating himself in an easy-chair and laboriously pulling off his shoes. "Damned things too stiff," he said. "They rub my heels to beat

blisters. Ann won't let me use tallow on 'em, either." He tossed the second aside and looked across at Ted. "Sit down," he invited. There was mirth in his eyes. "You're quite a stranger. Ain't seen you since before supper."

Ted laughed at that, and took courage. "Cap'n Bill," he said hurriedly. "I guess you saw there was something when you found us out there just now."

"Something?" Cap'n Bill glared, then chuckled. "Don't beat around the bush, you young whelp. A good deal of a something, I should say. Like Ann, don't you?"

"Yes, sir." Ted did not know whether to be frightened or not.

"She like you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does that damned dad of yours think about it?" Cap'n Bill demanded.

Ted's eyes hardened faintly. "My father doesn't know," he replied. "But he's not a damned dad."

Cap'n Bill stared for a moment; then he threw back his head and laughed aloud. "All right, young hop-o-my-thumb, he's not, then," he agreed. "But if you don't call him worse names than that, you're too good to be abroad. How about you? Think you're a pretty good sort, do you?"

"Ann likes me," said Ted.

The old man banged his knee. "Good talk, by Ged!" he cried. "I'll kick her pickings. But your old—that father of yours will have something to say. Mind my word."

Ann came back then with a pitcher and glasses on a tray. Then she would have poured a glass for him, but he put it aside and pulled her down upon his knee and jerked a thumb toward Ted. "Going to take French leave o' me, Ann?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"You like him, don't you? He says you do?"

"Yes, I do," she told him.

His great arm tightened around her

for a moment, with something hungry in it. "Lord," he cried. "I . . ."

She reached toward the table, picked up a little iron coin bank which stood there. "And one cut by the lilacs," she reminded him. "And I heard at least one while I was in the kitchen. That's three."

"Damn it," he protested. "I'm telling you—"

"Four," she cried inexorably.

He growled; but he surrendered. Pulled a dollar bill from his pocket and thrust it into her hand. "Now let me talk the way I want to for a minute. That'll pay the freight. I mean to say, I'll be damned if I want you to go kitting off and leave me alone, just when I've got time to enjoy you."

She kissed him swiftly on the cheek. "I'm not going to kite off," she assured him. "Ted wouldn't want me to."

"The hell he wouldn't," her father cried. "I wouldn't give a boot for him if he didn't. And I don't aim to prevent. Only thing is, you young ones have got to let me hang around."

Ann began at that, and quite inexplicably, to cry. She buried her face in his great shoulder; and her father blinked at Ted and waved a hand at him. "Go on home, young fellow," he commanded. "Ann and me have got things to talk about."

Ted nodded, moving toward the door. "Good night!" he said. "And—you've been pretty decent, sir."

Cap'n Bill pushed Ann from him. "Go out in the hall and tell him good night," he bade her. "Then come back here and sit on my knee."

While she was gone, the old man sagged in his chair, and deep, lonely lines were graven on his face, and there were shadows of sorrow in his eyes. But when Ann came back to him, her eyes dancing, there was no grief in his countenance to disturb his little girl.

TEDED found time at noon next day for a word with Ann. Old Davy never came home at noon; he took a bit of lunch to the office. But Ted came to dinner and saw Ann in her garden, and went to speak with her. She perceived at once the trouble in his eyes, and waited for him to tell her about it; but when he did not, she asked at last:

"What is it, Ted? What's gone wrong?"

He hesitated, even then; but in the end he said: "It's father, Ann."

"Your father?"

"Yes."

"You mean you told him about—us?"

"Yes. I told him this morning. On the way to the office. When we walked down together."

She nodded. "And he was angry? What did he say?"

Ted could not tell her what he had said; he could not remember. His recollection was confused and uncertain and vaguely terrifying. "I never saw him so stern," he said. Old Davy had been like one of the prophets of Israel in his denunciations, almost exalted in his wrath. "I know he's wrong," he told Ann. "But I couldn't make him see it. He's so sure . . . Always so sure he's right about everything."

"Even the—ways of God," Ann murmured softly, and Ted nodded.

"You'd think he . . . Why, it's as though he and—God—were partners." There was no irreverence in his voice.

"And he thinks we are outside the pale?"

"He didn't say anything against you. He couldn't. I wouldn't have let him, anyway." Ted was valvously fond. "But it's your father . . . He can't see. He just thinks Cap'n Howland is a sinner because he swears so."

Ann shook her head. "It isn't swearing. It's just dad's way of talking."

Ted threw out his hands hopelessly. "I know. I know."

She did not say any more for a while; but her arm slipped through his, and she poked in the soft earth of one of the flower beds with the toe of her shoe, watching it intently. He begged at last that she should not be angry . . .

"I'm not a bit angry," she said, smiling up at him. "I suppose I ought to

be. But I'm not. I suppose I ought to resent very bitterly your father's assuming the right to—condemn mine. But I don't. Because, in the first place, I know he's wrong. Dad's nowhere near so bad as your father thinks he is. His bark is ever so much worse than his bite."

Ted held her hand tightly, told her she was an angel; she laughed under her breath.

"Besides, your father's not so perfect himself," she declared. "He's—uncharitable in lots of ways, and that's lots worse than swearing a little bit. He's—" She fell silent, thinking again. Ted was content to watch her, and be near her, and wait till she should speak. "And I think he's awfully presumptuous."

Her plan was forming, she was taking fire; and she laughed excitedly and pushed him toward the gate. "When he goes into his garden this afternoon," she declared, "he'll find me hidden behind a beanstalk with a gun in each hand. Run along to the office, Ted. Is Aunt Sarah at home?"

"She may have gone to take something to Josiah Drake. She'll be back right away."

They were moving toward the gate together.

"I'll find her," she promised. And: "Don't come home till supper time, Ted. Keep out of the way."

"But I don't see yet what you—"

She looked at him, with all the scorn of womanfolk for stupid men. "You

"Where'd you say Sarah was?"

"Out," Ann repeated. "But she told me your clothes were in the closet under the stairs."

His life had been routine for so long that this surprising situation startled the old man. He had a beleaguered feeling. This girl making herself at home, down there . . . He got into his gardening clothes more or less automatically; and he went cautiously down the stairs, not quite sure what he would find waiting for him there. When Ann heard his step, she came out into the hall, and he stopped still, watching her, faintly shaken and uncertain.

She said quietly, smiling at him: "I wanted to talk to you, Mr. Brewster. Just a few minutes. Do you mind?"

"I get to hoe my garden," he told her. "I always hoe my garden in the afternoon." He was looking around the hall, as though expecting to see some one else.

She laughed softly. "Oh, let your garden grow," she urged. "Come in and sit down."

He shook his head, trying to reassure himself by being very stern. "It is not possible, Miss Howland," he told her. "My time is full. I require the exercise, and the garden requires my hoeing."

But when he would have passed, she managed somehow to be in front of him. He found himself turned aside; he was in the sitting room before quite realizing how it had happened. When he had swung back toward the door, she shook her head. "Don't take yourself and your little affairs so seriously, Mr. Brewster," she urged. "I've really something quite important to talk about with you."

He seized, groping for solid ground: "Where is Sarah?"

"Gone across the street with some junket for Josiah Drake," she told him. "She's going to sit with him a while. He's sick, you know."

The old man's eyes clouded; his brows frowned. "Into the house of that man on whom God has laid his stern hand?" he demanded. "It is impossible!"

"Why, he's just a sick old man," Ann reminded him. "I don't see anything impossible in her wanting to cheer and comfort him."

"He is suffering for his sins. Would she intervene between him and God?"

THIS girl said quietly: "Sit down, sir. You pay so much attention to God's commands that I cannot understand why you have overlooked the one which says you shall love your neighbor as yourself. Aunt Sarah has not forgotten it, you see."

He had been so long accustomed to see his sister's will bent to his own that it seemed to Old Davy his world was shaking; nevertheless the zest for controversy, awakened in him by the girl's words, took hold upon him. He did sit down, but when he spoke it was not to reply to her. It was to ask:

"What do you want of me?"

She took a chair that faced him, leaned a little forward, resting her elbows on the arms. "This," she said steadily. "Ted told you this morning that he and I care for each other, and you warned him to have nothing to do with me. Because of my father. You said that my father was profane and a godless man."

"He lifted one hand in a gesture of protest. "Did you not?" she asked.

He said slowly: "I said that, and perhaps more. But it was not meant for your ears."

"That doesn't matter," she replied. "It came to my ears, you see. You must have known it would." She challenged him. "Tell me. Why do you call my father an anybody?"

He hesitated. "I have no mind to enter into any controversy with you, child," he said mildly.

Ann smiled a little. "I know. You would not hurt me. But—I don't mind. Tell me. Why?"

The old man said heavily: "He taketh the name of the Lord in vain."

"And for that you condemn him?"

"He condemns himself."

"But you say he is a sinner?" she cried; and he nodded slowly.

"Yes," he said.

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Sidney Gulick, D.D.
Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches

The Federal Council of Churches includes the following: Baptist Churches North, National Baptist Convention, Free Baptists, Christian Church, Christian Reformed Church in N. A., Churches of God in N. A., Congregational, Disciples of Christ, Friends, Evangelical Synod, Evangelical Association, Lutheran General Synod, Methodist Episcopal, M. E. South, African M. E., African M. E. Zion, Methodist Protestant, Colored M. E., Moravian, Presbyterian in U. S. A. and in U. S. (S.), Primitive Methodist, Protestant Episcopal Commission, Reformed Church in America, and in U. S., Reformed Episcopal, Reformed Presbyterian, Seventh Day Baptists, United Brethren, United Evangelical, United Presbyterian.

Twenty Million Will Carry On

WHETHER or not you find your own church in the long list under Dr. Gulick's picture, it is worth knowing that twenty million church members, men and women, are being asked again to work for the success of the Washington conference.

Dr. Gulick says: "From first to last, Collier's editorial campaign was splendid in its courage, vision, and succinct presentation of fact. It was leadership of the first order, and I have the earnest hope it will continue.

"Proposals must not be mistaken for achievements. The Federal Council of Churches is issuing a second call to 20,000,000 American Christians to carry on the campaign until the whole war system is outlawed."

ous, telling people what God thinks, all the time. How does he know?"

"He'll see in time," Ted told her. "He's bound to some day."

She looked at him, mischievous in her eyes. "Of course, if you just want to sit around and wait . . ."

He reassured her, in the way that seemed best to him; and she smoothed her hair and nodded. "Well," she said, "we've got to do something about it."

"I argued with him, Ann," he assured her. "Everything I could think of."

She shook her head positively. "Men don't know how to argue," she told him. "They're too reasonable." She considered, then asked: "Doesn't Aunt Sarah ever get after him?"

"No. Sometimes I think she's going to, and I egg her on; but she's so used to giving in to him. For so many years. Having things he likes to eat, and keeping his room just so, and his house just so, and planning his life the way he wants it, and sugaring his tea . . ." There was faint indignation in him.

"Why, in some ways, she's just a slave to him."

HER finger was pressed thoughtfully against her lips. "That's all very well," she replied. "But I'm sure Aunt Sarah sees through him. Any woman would." She cried: "Ted, I'm going to talk with Aunt Sarah. Find out some things. Ammunition. Doesn't he come home early in the afternoons?"

"This time of year, yes," he told her. "To work in his garden. Why? What are you . . ."

wouldn't, dear," she told him. "Just do as I say. Now run along—"

When he was gone, she waited for a little while, thinking, eyes dancing with a mischievous amusement, planning what she meant to do. Saw, presently, Aunt Sarah returning from the house of Josiah Drake, the accused. And so went through her garden and across to the Brewster yard, to find Old Davy's sister and enlist her advice and aid.

DEACON DAVID BREWSTER came home about three o'clock that afternoon and went upstairs to his room to get ready for work in the garden. After a few minutes he called from the upper hall:

"Sarah! Sarah, where are my garden clothes?"

Sarah's voice did not answer; but a younger voice did. "She's gone out," this voice called to him from the sitting room. "She said when you asked to tell you they were in the closet under the stairs, where they always are."

Old Davy was surprised. Sarah had not, for years, failed to be at home when he returned, and to answer him whenever he called and from whatever part of the house. The incident shocked him; he said aloud: "Eh? Who's that?"

"It's me. Ann Hewland," said the voice.

Davy shrank back out of sight. He was not dressed for visitors; and though Ann stayed discreetly in the sitting room, and he was in the upper hall, he was nervous. After a moment he asked uncertainly:

She asked: "Did you ever read that it is better to judge not, so that you may not be judged?"

His face twisted with faint mirth. "Something of that nature, perhaps. Your words are new to me."

Ann shook her head impatiently. "I'm not sure of the words," she cried. "I've never paid much attention to the words in the Bible. Some people think the words are important, but I don't. It's what they mean. It's not the words; it's the spirit, the meaning. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, aye," he said tolerantly. "No doubt you're right in that."

SHE made a little gesture as though she were pinning something to the arm of her chair with her forefinger. "Did you ever think that it is the same way with what you call profanity?" she asked. "Did you ever think that swearing is not so much what a person says as what a person means?"

He answered steadily: "A man should mind his tongue, and command it, and say no more than he means. The light use of God's holy name is sin."

She leaned back a little in her chair, watching him. "The light use of God's name," she repeated softly. Then: "Mr. Brewster, you use His name a great deal. How can you always be sure you do not use it lightly; how can you always be so sure that you and He agree?"

He said, not arrogantly, but with a decent humility in his eyes: "I have lived a godly life; I believe that He is with His children."

She moved one hand in a gesture of appeal. "Forgive me, but—was it not He who took your wife from you? Ted's mother?"

He did not answer for a moment; then said: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."

She caught at that. "But that isn't at all the same thing as 'Whom the Lord chasteneth, He loveth.' Aren't you arguing backward, sir?"

He moved an impatient hand. "You strike." He would have risen. "I've no time for trifling."

Ann's eyes flamed. "Be still," she cried. "Anger is not an answer to me. Listen. You say my father is profane. Yet all your life you have prayed that God would punish Josiah Drake. You see in his illness now an answer to your prayer. You have asked God to curse him, and asked it in bitterness. 'Oh, God, I beseech you, damn Josiah Drake,' has been your prayer. Is that not worse than my father's careless word, now and then?"

His anger was quickening; he seemed to tower above her. "Child, you blaspheme," he exclaimed.

"What right have you to say so?" she challenged. "Is it not God's right to judge blasphemy? I tell you, His name is too much in your mouth, Mr. Brewster. You do use it lightly. When you say 'God bless you,' it is as truly profane as any word my father says. To take His name in vain is to use it lightly, thoughtlessly, meaninglessly; to use it as a mere manner of speech. And that is what you do, Mr. Brewster."

He shook his head. "I'll have no words with you!"

"Careless oaths like my father's are a venial sin, beside your constant insistence that God shall take a hand in the petty matters of your daily life," she told him.

THE old man looked down at her for a moment; and his eyes were very hard and cold. After an instant he turned away, moved toward the door. And at first Ann's heart gave way; she thought that she had lost. Then something like fury seized her, swept her across the room. She blocked his way with outspread arms.

"You shall listen!" she cried.

He stared at her; and words came to her lips in a rushing flood. "You have no right to say my father is a godless man," she told him hotly. "It is true that he is profane. When he is astonished, he does say: 'What the hell?' And when he is surprised, he does say: 'I'll be damned!' And when he is provoked, he does say: 'Hell's fire!' And when he is disgusted, he does say: 'Oh,

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hell!' And when he is determined, he does say: 'By God!' I'm not defending him. He doesn't need defending. His words are light, but inside he is clean, and gentle, and friendly, and he does not hate, and he is kind. Why, he has gone to see old Josiah Drake every day for weeks, and cheered him, and comforted him, and yet he had as much right to hate Josiah as you. You call him godless, and you call yourself godly. Are you sure you're as godly as you think you are?"

He lifted his hand as though to break it upon her; but she would not be still.

You are the just and my father is the unjust. That's what is in your mind. I tell you, Mr. Brewster, you'd be a great deal better playing cribbage with my father than sitting here at home and calling him a sinner and praying about him. Suppose he is a sinner; shouldn't you labor with him? Give him at least the benefit of such an example of godliness as you think you are . . ."

She was still for a moment, but he made no move to speak. Her tone had been scorching; she said now, more gently: "I'm not—trying to condemn you, sir. I know you mean to do right.

Hamp Garner's Christmas

HAMP GARNER drives slowly into town. Time is heavy on his hands. He pulls up before the town hall. A young man is working in the cellar around the furnace. Hamp saunters across and looks in. He is just in time to see the young fellow, searching for something, inadvertently knock a full pint bottle of whisky off a dusty beam. The young man picks the bottle up elatedly.

"Merry Christmas!" he exclaims with a note of awe in his voice. "To-morrow's the day too! Good old Santy Claus!" He begins to wrap the bottle up in a newspaper.

"Wait!" says Hamp. "I got a better Christmas for you than that! Let me take that bottle!"

Mystified, the young man passes it over. Hamp takes it, wheels toward a stone, smashes it. He turns back to the young man.

"How much was it worth to you?"

"Five dollars!"—surlily.

Hamp digs out a roll of bills.

"You're high. Yet from the smell of it, it was good stuff. Put in the cellar here by some politician or other last election, I judge. Here's your five dollars! And, say, I hear Sam Crossman is selling turkeys right reasonable. Why not take home a turkey instead of a jag, and make it a Merry Christmas all around?"

"You're terribly selfish," she accused. "You've made your sister a slave. She doesn't dare have fresh fish because you don't like it; she has to cook your food in the particular way you choose; she must sugar your coffee and your tea just so; she must yield to you in the smallest matters, tending you like a child, giving up her life and everything she wishes to do. Is that a godly manner of life? Is that godly in you?"

"You hate Josiah Drake. You say God's hand is upon him. You take a certain pleasure in that fact. Before he was taken sick you prayed that God would punish him because, long ago, he took a little money from you. You prayed God to curse Josiah Drake. Is that not profane? You will not comfort him now, will not forgive him. Yet there is a commandment about loving our neighbors, and there is another about forgiving our enemies, and there is another about turning the other cheek. Have you not forgotten them, Mr. Brewster?"

"You're a prayerful man!" The words were rushing from her, and the old man had moved a little backward, and had sat down again in his stiff chair, and his eyes were lowered, watching his gnarled, still old hands. "You pray five or six times a day. But your prayers are not good prayers. You pray for your own material good; you ask God to make your business succeed. That is an impious thing. You ask Him to punish your enemies; you give Him a free hand to punish everyone else, but you beg Him not to let suffering or unhappiness come upon you. If there be evil here about us, we pray that Thou wilt not shed Thy wrath alike upon the just with the unjust. That is your prayer. Is that a godly prayer?"

I know you think you live as you should live. You're not a—Pharisee, not a hypocrite. You believe you are right . . . But please see that you may be wrong. Don't you see that at all? Perhaps God doesn't like you deciding things for Him.

"You use His name so constantly. Don't you use it lightly sometimes? Don't you sometimes say 'God bless you,' when you simply mean 'Good luck'? Don't you say 'Thank God for that,' when you simply mean 'I'm glad to hear it'? May it not be that God thinks your using His name so is as profane as when my father says: 'By God,' or 'Oh, hell,' or anything?"

Silence again—wondering whether he would speak. But Old Davy Brewster sat very still. She laughed in a pleading little fashion. "Isn't it as wrong in you to pray for the punishment of Josiah Drake, as for my father, when his feet hurt, to say: 'Oh, damn the shoe'?"

Hamp did not lift his eyes. "Please think about it a little, Mr. Brewster," she begged.

But Old Davy seemed not to hear her at all; and Ann, her courage swiftly ebbing now, drew back toward the door, and after a moment slipped quietly away.

Her eyes were wet; and she was trembling, and as she crossed over to her own home she whispered:

"He didn't see. He's just—angry. I couldn't make him see it at all . . ."

Old Davy did not even know when she was gone; he had not, toward the latter part, heard what she was saying. His own thoughts had engrossed him; and he was still and shaken and half stunned.

He had been so sure, all his life, that

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he was living as a just and decent and godly man; and now he was not sure at all. When you have thought for so long that you were right, to be forced to perceive that you were wholly and hopelessly wrong is tragedy enough for any man.

It was tragedy for old Davy Brewster in this hour.

HIS surrender came upon them with the force of the unexpected. Ann was sure she had failed to move him. Ted had gone to her, after supper in the evening; he said that Old Davy had been very silent at the table, speaking little; that he had retired, afterward, to his room.

"Did he seem—angry?" Ann asked, and Ted shook his head.

"No. No, he seemed—dazed. Somehow unsure of himself." The boy's eyes clouded unhappily. "He's usually so sure. It hurt me to see him that way. Made him seem old!"

She touched his hand. "I'm sorry, Ted," she whispered.

They were in the sitting room; and Cap'n Howland came in just then from the side porch where he had been smoking. Ann and Ted were together on the couch. Ted rose at his entrance; Ann said: "Through with your pipe, dad?"

He left the door open behind him as he crossed to the table. "Yes." And he grinned affectionately down at her. "Now I suppose you'll be too busy entertaining this young swab to play cribbage with your old dad, eh?"

She shook her head, smiling with soft eyes. "Never too busy. I'll get the board . . ."

As she laid it, with the cards, upon the table, Ted asked diffidently: "Can't we—play a three-handel game?"

But they had no time to answer him, for they all heard at the same time steps upon the porch outside the open door; and then a knock upon the screen; and they saw Old Davy standing outside, in the lamplight that flowed through the door.

Cap'n Howland was the first to move; he cried out:

"Why, Dave, old man! Come in and set." And he crossed to throw wide the screen.

Old Davy came in, faintly humble and uncertain; and Ted and Ann watched him with white faces, afraid of what he would say. But what he did say, after a minute, was only:

"Let's you and I play this game of cribbage, Cap'n Howland. And—let the children have their hour . . ."

TED and Ann came back from the bench by the lilacs an hour later, and found the two old men finishing their third game, which Cap'n Howland won triumphantly. "Three in a row, Dave," he cried. "You've lost your cunning, man."

"I'll get it back again," Ted's father promised; and they saw that all was well between him and Cap'n Bill. Ann's arm slid around her father's neck; and Cap'n Bill reached up and caught her hand.

"A da—. A fine thing, Dave, to see your boy and my girl taking to each other. I'm mighty glad, I'll say."

David Brewster nodded soberly. "I've called down God's blessing on them both this night," he replied.

They were all very sober for a moment; and then Ann laughed, in a gay little way, and quickly fetched her iron bank from the mantel, and stopped by Old Davy's chair. "We have a penalty in this house, sir," she told him mischievously, "for taking that Name in vain. You'll find it hard to break the habit, though. I'll let you start by paying only a penny for each time . . ."

They thought for a moment he would rise and stalk away, so black his eyes became.

But his countenance softened, his lips twitched, he mustered something like a grin, and fished a few coins between finger and thumb from the pocket of his vest, and chose a penny, and dropped it in the slot. Ann abruptly hugged him, stooped to kiss the top of his gray head. And Old Davy's arm slid around her waist . . .